HERO AND LEANDER:

a.575 A mock Poem:

WITH

Marginal Notes, and other choice Pieces

OF

DROLLERY.

Got by heart, and often repeated by divers witty Gentlemen and Ladies, that use to walk in the *New Exchange*, and at their re-

[illegible]

[illegible] London, 1653.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The famous Greek and Asian story,
Of honor'd Male and Female glory.
Know all, I value this rich Gem,
With any piece of C. J. M.
Nay more then so, I'le go no less,
Then any scrips of Friends, J. S.

This was the Authors Prologue.

Of young Leander, *and of* Hero,
I now begin; Dum spiro, spero.

LEANDER being fresh and gay,
As is the leek, or green popey;
Upon a morn both clear and bright,
When *Thæbus* rose and had bedight
Himself with all his Golden rayes,
And pretty birds did pearch on sprayes:

His hair was not

When Marigolds did ſpread their leaves,
And men begin to button ſleeves:)
Then young *Leander* all forlorn,
As from the Oak drops the acorn;
So from his weary bed he ſlipt,
Or like a School-boy newly whipt;
But with a look as blithe to ſee,
As cherry ripe on top of tree:
So, forth he goes and makes no ſtand,
With Grab-tree Cudgel in his hand.
He had not gone a mile or two,
Note here every thing is the worſe for wearing. But gravel got into his ſhooe:
He ſit him down upon a bank,
To dry his foot, and reſt his ſhank,
And ſo with finger put in ſhooe,
He pul'd out dirt and gravel too.
This was about the waſt of day:
All men cannot be Quarters. The middle, as the vulgar ſay.
Fair *Hero*, walking with her Maid,
To do the thing cannot be ſtaid,
Spi'd young *Leander* lying ſo,
With pretty finger picking toe.
She thought it ſtrange to ſee a man
In privy walk, and then unan,

She ſtept behind a Pop'ring tree,
And liſtned for ſome Novelty:
Leander having clear'd his throat,
Began to ſing this pleaſant note.

Oh, would I had my Love in Bed,
Though ſhe were nere ſo fell;
I'de fright her with my Adders head,
Until I made her ſwell.
Oh Hero, Hero, *pity me,*
With a Dildo, Dildo, Dildo *dee.*

Fair *Hero* 'gan to ſmile at this,
Leander rais'd 'gainſt tree to piſs,
* He plucks me ſtreight his *Drabler* out,
And with his arms claſpt tree about:
O thus, quoth he, O thus——I coo'd,
Bobbing *Rogero* 'gainſt the wood.
His Blind-worm *Hero* fair did ſee,
† His Curral head did lean 'gainſt tree:
Which ſight did make her ſigh and ſob,
To ſee how he 'gainſt tree did bob:
She never lov'd him till that hour,
And him ſhe will invite to Towre.

* *As any man in love may do.*

† *be [illegible] Curral, [illegible] reſpect of rubbing of Gums.*

She

She ſate her down to eaſe her joynts;
The Springal he unties his points,
Fair *Hero* noted him a while,
And prettily began to ſmile,
To ſee a comely youth and tall,
Could not hold that which needs muſt fall.

Now *Hero* fair had ſpi'd a vapour,
And ſends her maid with piece of paper;
But he before the Maid did come,
* Had ſav'd that labour with his thumb:
The Maid with bluſh turn'd back again,
Seeing her labour was in vain.

Leander having done his task,
And made an end ore hedg nine Lask,
He turn'd about, and made no bones,
† But with ſtick, rack't for Cherry ſtones.
So as he ſtooped, he ſpi'd coming,
A gentle Nymph, whoſe pace was running.

He could not tell what to ſuppoſe,
* But put up Shirt into his Hoſe:
Leander ſt reight did follow Maid,
Until he came where *Hero* laid.

Her cheek on hand, her arm on ſtump,
Her leg on graſs, on [illegible]-hil rump;

He

* *As it may be Reader thy ſelf haſt done.*

† *Obſerve in this the childiſhneſs of a Lover.*

* *Meaning into his Breeches.*

He with a gentle modest gate,
Plucking his Cap from off his Pate,
He thus bespake her, Lovely Peat,
Behold, with running how I sweat!
Oh, would I were that harmless stump,
Whereon thou lean'st; with that a thump
Brake from the intrails of his hose,
Hero was fearful, dreading foes,
Seeing a Cannon 'gainst her bent,
That seem'd to level at his tent:
Leander having felt the scape,
And spi'd the Maid to laugh and gape,
He then began to smell a Rat,
And stole his hand down under's Hat.
Hero did note his *Roger* good,
*A*nd how couragiously it stood.
*A*t length she asked him his name,
*A*nd wherefore that he thither came.
Quoth he, my dwelling is *Abidos*,
† This is my walk Wednesdaies and Fridaies.
I love to see the Squirrils play,
With bow and bolt I them do fray.
My name is young *Leander* call'd,
My Father's rich, and yet hee's bald:

† *True lovers walk on Fishdaies.*

Enough, quoth *Hero*, say no more,
Mum-budg, quoth he, 'twas known of yore.
Now *Heroes* love began to curdle,
She wisht his head under her girdle.
If so he had, I make no doubt,
But it would dash its own brains out:
And yet the *Stale* be nere the worse,
I may compare the head to purse,
Whose mouth is fastned to a string,
And if the knot she chance to wring,
The money white will issue out;
He shoots most quite that hits the clout.

Now *Heroes* love could not be hid,
Come hither, Love, 'tis I that bid.
Fear not, my Love, to take my lip,
Imagine me to be thy Ship:
Guide thou the Rudder with thy hand,
And in my Poop fear not to stand:
Stand to thy tackle on the hatches,
My Gunner-room is free from matches:
Pull up my Sail to thy Main-yard,
My Compass use thou, and my Card:
Lay thou my anchor where thou please,
In broad, or in the narrow Seas:

And

And though the foaming Ocean fret,
Thy anchor's safe, though it be wet.
Quoth she, close by fair *Sestos* stream,
(With that within her throat rose flegme)
Neer to that place there stands a Cloyster,
(Poor soul she coughs and voids an Oyster)
Leander stole his foot upon it,
And treads it out with vailed Bonnet,
She thanks *Leander* for his pains,
And for another sortly strains:
Her choler laid, she said, mark well,
And understand what I thee tell:
Come then, my love, in twile of night,
The time when Owl and Bats take flight:
In lower window I will place,
A Taper bright as eyes in face;
Which light shall be thy load-star bright,
Through waves to guide thee in the night;
And with that word, like Ivy wound
About his neck, arms clasped round;
Venus did nere more dote on *Zon*,
Whose heat in love was cold as stone,
Then *Hero* did on springal young;
So down they fell together clung,

Upon a Primerose hill most sweet,
Their lips being joyn'd, their tongues did greet,
So high did grow the fragrant flowers,
Made fresh by youthful *April* showres.
But when she saw them lye so close,
She put the flowers under her nose:
And so approaching to the place,
* Where they lay panting face to face,
So high did grow the herbs so sweet,
That cover'd them from head to feet;
Her Maid then got into a tree,
Where plain she might these Lovers see.

* *It seemed they made a veil of a pleasure.*

Leander found the watery brook,
Where never fish was caught with hook,
Yet bobbing there had been good store,
† With great red worms, some three or four.
Oh, who hath seen a strucken Deer,
Or from his eyes in water clear,
A dabled Duck with dirt bemir'd,
So *Hero* lay with pleasure tir'd.
One Medlar branch the Maid doth hit,
One Medlar with a heavy weight,
Though she was there, there was to see,
Nothing but Medlars on the tree.

† *They are called red worms.*

Weel leave the Maid upon a crotch,
Holding by hands, sitting on notch:
But the sweet sight did so intice,
That bough was met with her device.
And now *Leander* gets him up,
* And clos'd the acorn and the cup.
His Cucko pintle he did thrust
Into his Oxlip which was just,
His Batchelors button, strait as line,
Made way into her Columbine.
His hooded-hawk he then did bring her,
Which she receiv'd with Ladies finger:
His sprig of Time, her branch of Rue,
His Primerose, and her Violet blue.
Leander lusty springal youth
Did now retire, 'twas so in truth:
Who, like some youthful prodigal,
Must needs retire, having spent all.
He now returned to his friends,
Who him receiv'd with fingers ends.
The Maid was greedy, though but silly,
She thought too much went by her belly:
Oh, she was wrapt with that sweet sight,
That she did long to enter fight.

* *Which cup Reader, thou wouldst be loath to drink in.*

By chance a Weaver passing by,
Looking aside, she did him spy.
Then as *Adonis* horse did fare,
When he beheld the Freez-land Mare,
Breaking his rains ty'd to a Tree,
And even as like as like may be,
Setting the runt of horse aside;
† Her rubbish did excel in pride.
She looking earnest at the Weaver,
The Medlar-branch sooth did deceive her.
Quoth she, alass! ah me, ah me!
What, was I born to fall from tree?
Her cloaths her head did canopy,
She was all bare from head to knee.
The man accurst, whose trade was scurvy,
Had thought the world had bin turn'd topsi-turvy.
Now he did tread as if on Eggs,
He saw a Medlar 'twixt her leggs:
I know not how they there did settle,
But in the Weaver got his Shettle:
Where we will leave *Tom*-trumpery,
To talk of other company.
Leander having fetcht his fees,
And *Hero* having covered knees.

† *Rubbish, the Author takes for lovee Modieum.*

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I know thou art no dodger,
Sweet, have a care of truſty *Roger*,
My Dear, quoth ſhe, my Lover true,
Remember what you from me drew:
Remember you being full of quiblits,
Remov'd your Hares-head from my giblits.
With that afar off ſhe gan ſpy,
* A fellow running with one eye.
He wore, becauſe his head was bald,
An old hats crown which hid the ſcald.
His noſe was crooked, long, and thin,
As ſharp and long appear'd his chin,
His eye-brows hung upon his cheeks,
His head did grow like bed of Leeks.
His back did over-look his head,
One of his arms es door-nail dead:
His fingers wore for Liveries,
Nails long as *Cupids* Quiver is:
Upon his back he wore coat blue.
His face would make a dog to ſque:
His legs did go four wayes a-once,
He was all skin, ſave ſome few bones.
Then *Hero* ſaid, The weary hour
Is come for me to go to Towre.

* *He has one eye which did ever run.*

Then

Then farewel Love, *Leander* ſaid,
And ſtrait ſhe whiſtled for her Maid:
By this *John Hedghogg* drew him nigh,
For that his name was not to lye.
His one eye in her face did peer,
Quoth he, who'd thought t' have found you here?
Come, to your father you muſt go,
Leander trod upon his toe.
And ſaid, with biting of his thumb,
That you ſaw me, no words but mum:
So puts his hand to pocket twice,
And gave him two Cans, or the price:
Leander could no longer keep her,
Away ſhe goes with this hedg-creeper.
He now devis'd what courſe to take,
Fearing that Dough would be his Cake,
If it were known: So home he goes,
* Paſſing the time in eating Slows.
His mind doth run on *Heroes* Lap,
At fathers door he now doth rap:
Which Porter hearing turns the lock,
With brazil ſtaff, and comely Frock:
Where we will leave him for a while,
And unto *Hero* turn our Rile.

* *Slow to go from love.*

Fair

Fair *Hero* having past the Spont,
She now was come unto the Cont——
Tinent of *Sestos*, where she dwelt:
Her heart in passion 'gan to melt.
Unto the Tower close she took,
*A*nd with her finger did unhook
The Casement, looking forth on stream.
The Star-light 'gan on Flood to gleam:
For now brave *Titan* banisht was,
Now long leg'd Spiders creep on grass;
When Nightingales do sit and sing,
With prick 'gainst breast, and Fairies ring:
Two houres fill'd hath been the gut;
Men now begin to go to Rut:
When man in Rug doth cry in night;
Look well to locks and fire-light:
The time when *Thomas* with his team,
Doth lug out dung, and men 'gin dream:
When City Gates are shut, not open;
† *A*nd Dutch men cry, What all *A-slopen*.
*A*bout this time fair *Hero* stood,
Watching *Leander* in the Flood.
She calls for Smock, and puts off foul,
Washing her parts with Sope in Bowl.

† *Here the Author shew himself a Linguist.*

Her

Her foot she washt, O prety foot,
(But yet I am not come unto't:)
Of knee she washt the comely pan,
And now I come unto't anan:
Her thighes she washt with veins so blue,
* Her Pode likewise of sable hue:
Below the bottom of her belly,
Did grow a Toy, of shape most selly:
Though enough to make a child afear'd,
Two Curral lips with a black beard.
And as that beast that's kept for breed,
Lets fly her water when she has need,
Which done, her Funnel she turns out and in,
Which was so like, as't the same had bin:
Here will we leave her nak'd as nail;
And to *Leander* turn our tale.

Forth from his Fathers house he went,
Much like a Bird-bolt being sent,
From Brazil Bow and trusty string,
With feathers of the Gray-goose wing.
He took him to a trusty rock,
And stript him to the ebon nock.
And being naked look't like *Mars*,
With purple scab upon his A——

* *Pode, or loves limepit.*

The

The ſeam betwixt his Cod that went,
Seem'd like to *Cupids* bow unbent;
The Cod his quiver, where his arrows
Did hang, much like a neſt of Sparrows.
But ſome may think this is a fable,
He was fring'd with hair from Nock to nav'le.
* *Fego*, ſaith he, ſo forth he goes,
The gravel got between his toes.
Now fear'd he *Neptune* as a God,
Still running with his hand on Cod.
O who hath ſeen a wanton Roe,
Jump o're the Fearn, indeed even ſo
The lively Skip-Jack mounts and falls,
And ſtill on *Hero*, *Hero*, calls.
Even with that word, with ſpeedy motion,
He leaps into the foaming Ocean:
Th' enamoured Fiſhes 'bout him flock,
Some play in arm-holes, ſome in nock:
Endimions love then ſhone outrigot;
He ſpi'd in *Heroes* Tower a light;
And in the window looking out,
A lovely face, that ſeem'd to pout.
By this fair *Hero* might diſcere,
Leanders head, but not his Stern,

* Fego a word of courage, as we cry, St. George.

That frisked underneath the waves:
And this is all that *Hero* craves,
To see himself within her bed,
Whom billows beat now on the head.
Leander now turns on his back,
He yerks out legs and lets arms slack:
* But then above the water floated,
The true Loves-lump, which *Hero* noted.
Fair *Hero* had a goodly sight,
That could discern so far by night.
He was much troubled with a Shad,
That did pursue this lovely Lad.
† The envious fish did so torment him,
As had't been I, I should have shent him;
And said, thou art a scabby fish,
To nibble at fair *Heroes* dish.
Hero did note how he was troubled:
The water 'bout *Leander* bubbled:
She looks still forth, kneeling on Mats;
Iovextus meets a Shole of Sprats.
They him besiege on every side,
Betwixt his arms and legs they glide.
Neptune, the dreadful God of Seas,
On whom did never stick March-Fleas.

* *Here you must note, nothing can be hid from true love.*

† *Here the Author pitieth Leander, and despiseth the Fish.*

Taking in hand his good Eele Spade,
Towards *Leander* streight he made:
The Shad and Shole of Sprats did flye,
At sight of *Neptunes* angry eye.
The God then turn'd him up-side down,
And veiw'd his parts from heel to crown:
He dally'd with his elfine locks,
And bears him up from shelf and rocks.
His cheeks, his lips, his chin he kist,
No part of Yonker *Neptune* mist.
Now *Hero* of his love made doubt,
And wisht him there in yellow clout.
His thigh so white he still would feel,
Then he would kick with horn and heel.
Quoth *Neptune* then to buxsome Boy,
Nay, of my courting seem not coy.
Dost hear, live here my lovely Lad,
I'le give thee Cod, eat Dace and Shad;
I am as great a God as *Mammon*,
Thou shalt have Ling, Poor John, and Sammon.
And if thou sayst thou wilt not blab,
* Thou shalt have Lobster, Prawn and Crab.
I tell thee I am not Gurnudgeon,
Thou shalt have Rotchet, Whiting, Gudgeon.

* *Being lecherous meat.*

The fish that is by Weavers caught,
cock-fish. That must be first with beetle beaten.
Of Knights heard never ate more Dubbins,
Thou shalt have green-fish and their Gubbins:
I'le bring thee where thou shalt see Lig,
The lusty Oyster, Shrimp, and Grig.
Quoth he, thou swimmest without force,
And calls a Dolphin, mount this horse.
And when thy mind is somewhat laid,
Thou shalt arrive 'gainst Tow'r of Maid.
For well I know thou 're thither going,
For all thy grinning, mocks, and mowing.
I am, quoth he, if thou bee'st wrath,
Keep in thy breath to cool thy broth.
And so away from him he flies,
**Unkindness will force tears sometimes.* *And water stood in *Neptunes* eyes.
But he again, quarrel to pick,
Said, 'bide with me, quoth he, ne nick.
With that the God, with ireful hand,
Cast young *Leander* on the sand.
Where we will leave him, to lay sooth,
† He had the tooth-ache. † Sucking his tongue with hollow tooth.
The Watch of *Sestos* Tow'r came down,
With Bill in hand, Murrion on Crown,

Rug-

Rug-gown on back, Lanthorn in hand,
By two and two this rusty band,
Did take their way unto the Plat,
Whereas *Leander* naked sat.
These Sons of night did straight him spy,
Who's there, quoth one? quoth he, 'tis I,
'Tis I, quoth he, is that an answer?
It is, quoth he, wer't thou my Gransire?
The wisest of them then did scan,
And said, sure Neighbours 'tis meer man.
Nay said another, that's not so;
For this hath nails you see on Toe:
And meer man hath no feet but sins,
And this hath legs you see and shins!
Quoth one, to See I shall him hunt,
Speak if I shall; with that the Cuer——
——Stable thus spake, what words spake he,
I think, sayes one, some two of three;
Go then in peace, and strike him down,
Then forth steps one with bill so brown.
A sowre-ey'd Knave lapt up in rug,
For manners like your Western Pug.
His name forsooth, was cleiped *Wharton*,
He was ee'n born at good *Hogs-Norton*:

This Dormouſe without wit or skill,
Ran at *Leander* with his bill.
Leander lying on his face,
Not his back, Dunce running his race:
His hinder parts bore ſomewhat high,
Now was he come *Leander* nigh:
He lifts up bill to cleave a rock,
Bill fled from hands, Noſe ſtruck in nock.
Leander with a ſtart did riſe,
And breaks his noſe faſt by his eyes.
* Oh who hath ſeen an archer good,
Poaking for arrow-head with wood;
So far'd this Clot-pole noſe to find
And grubbed till his eyes were blind:
But all in vain, the more he ſtrove,
The further in his noſe he drove.
For th' noſe indeed it ſtuck ſo faſt,
He was forc't to leave it, and againſt,
Runs unto *Harper* plain to be
There, Watchmen hired with pence three.
Who lifting up their gogling eyes,
They hear a voice, and thus it cries,
My noſe, my noſe; my noſe and eyes.

** This I commend to thee for a ſearching Simile.*

And ſtill tow'rd them apace he haſted,
Without his noſe his face all blaſted.
Away they ran for fear of foes,
Kib'd heels to ſave they ran on toes.
For haſt we leave them running ſtill,
And to *Leander* turn our quill.
Hero was all this while in dumps,
Now gins he to beſtir his ſtumps.
Wrath for to ſay he now did ſmart,
He could not pull out noſe by art.
Well to be ſhort for fear of Watch,
He runs to Tow'r and pulls the latch.
Divineſt *Hero* was in bed,
The door being ope, he in doth tread:
Yet for no ear ſhould hear him travel,
From feet he wipes the ſtony gravel:
So goes he on neerer and neerer,
And with one eye did underpeer her.
Night being warm the cloaths were off,
Sooth 'twas enough to catch a cough:
Leander thought it was no matter,
Though teeth within his head did chatter.
One hand he put upon her toe;
The other on her buggle-boe.

Quoth he thus softly, *Hero, Hero.*
Away quoth she, and come no neer oh.
Yet thus she said when she was waked,
Fye upon pride when men go naked.
A glimmering taper stood by bed,
Which in and out did put his head.
And by that light she did him know,
Standing like image of Rye-dough.
The well-hung youth then spake this word,
Quoth he I must lay Knife a-board.
I've swum, quoth he, through thick and thin,
Brine-waves have beat both neck and chin.

Leander in her Haven cast Anchor.

He rides secure in *Heroes* rode,
Now he begins to lay on load.
I'm come through watch and their brown bats,
Now *Hero* feels his twittle tum-twats.
Alas poor soul she did not strive,
Leander at her rump let drive.
He now forgot, as I suppose,
That in his hobler there was nose.
I'm come, said he, from side of shore,
Where lowsie beggars sate of yore.

And now the beggar makes me sing
The love of the *Cawphetuan* King:

Leanders tale.

On this green bank he first did spy
One sunny day the beggar lye,
Displaying to fair *Phœbus-fire*,
The Marigold of Loves desire.
To Marigold I it compare,
'Cause 'twas the colour of her hair,
Which still to *Titan* was display'd,
In window King stands rich array'd,
And spies by chance the beggar lye,
Back to the ground, face to the Sky.
Then like the *Snake* she cast her *skin*,
Whose amel'd body tumbled in
Her mothers lap in apron green,
And covered that, it was not seen:
Her hair in goodly elf-locks hung,
All down her shoulders, and among
The roots of it, the Dandriff white,
Like hoared frosts shining by night.
When *Phœbe* and her silver train,
The Yard, *Orion*, and *Charles* Wain.

Look down upon the Spyres of graſs;
So ſprinkled was the head of Laſs.
She wreath'd her body on one ſide,
Her legs a mole-hil did divide.
* *Cawphetua's* mouth did water ſhed,
Fancies and toyes were in his head.
Under her arm did *Cupid* lye,
And ſhot *Cawphetua* in the eye.
Who cloſely ſtood in window peeping
Whilſt beggar poor on bank lay ſleeping.
He took his love ere ſhe did riſe,
And ſung this note with tears in eyes.

* *It might have been any mans caſe.*

Oh King, what art thou but a bubble
That ſwims in ſtream ſo ſwift;
Thy joy ſoon turns to grief and trouble,
Much like a Boat at drift;
That ſevered is from poop of Ship,
That wanders in the Ocean;
The beggar turn'd upon her hip,
Then lay ſtill without motion.

He takes me his Proſpective Glaſs.

My paſſion ſhall appear in print,

Make

Make ready Preſs good Hedger,
Say that Cawphetua *ſaw a dint;*
And fell in love with beggar.

Ah me poor King! I'm now a captive made
To one that hath no living, land, or trade.
What ſhall I ſay in this? what ſhall I do?
Shall I love her to foot hath nere a ſhooe?
I am a King, my ſtate in State is mighty,
Shall I love her who hath ſold Aqua-vitæ?
My rich bloud boyls at this ſo ſweet eſpial,
Ev'n like a Boar, ſo chafes my Collop Royal.
He calls for page, and him for water ſends;
This way and that; he the proud Griſſel bends:
The reaſon why his bobber ſtood ſo ſtiff,
Uncover'd lay the ſilly beggars cliff.

As he was ſtanding his full view to take,
He ſpy'd her ſtretch, and ſtretching 'gan to wake:
Being big with *Thomas*, ſhe held up one leg,
And like the ant, one mole-hil laid her egg.
Then did ſhe riſe with ſuch a rude behaviour,
That Royal noſe took winding of that ſavour;
Which made him ſay, behold I come to win thee,
Now I perceive that thou haſt ſomething in thee.

Down

Down, down he goes the beggar to behold,
And as he went he calls for purſe of gold.

The end of this Paſsion.

The beggar now is come to gate of King,
To beg for bread and meat, or bread and ling.
Which when the King beheld within his Portal,
Come, graſs and hay, quoth he, we are all mortal.
She with a crutch did cry, God ſave his grace,
The honeſt King bade all forſake the place.
Which when the Lords and all the reſt were gone,
Quoth he, ſpeak beggar, and ſpeak words but one.

Wilt thou forſake thy beggars life,
And leave off wearing patches?
Thou ſhalt no more wear ſtring in knife,
He throws the beggar catches.
Deer take this purſe; nay be not coy;
The ſimple mute doth ſtand,
Quoth ſhe, my Liege, *Perdon a moy*,
So fell on knee and hand.
Thou ſhalt, quoth he, I do not mock,
If thou wilt take my offer,

Have

Have ſtockin, ſhoo, and Holland ſmock,
Eke gold to put in coffer.
Thy rooms they ſhall be hung with arras,
Head ſtuck with ſilver pins.
Thou ſhalt no more ſell Roſa-ſolis,
Nor buy the Coney-skins.
But firſt reſolve me truly this,
Hath any tag or rag
Put Probe into thy Orifice,
Or water'd thy black Nag?
No, doughty Liege, I'le tell you true,
Though poor, I have been chaſt,
No man did ever here imbrue,
Pointing beneath her waſt,
With that he took her by the hand,
Which was by *Phœbus* parche,
Quoth he ariſe, ariſe and ſtand:
To lodg of King they marcht.
Which when they came in room call'd private,
None but themſelves alone,
At lowſie beggar he lets drive at,
'Twas dark, her name was *Joan*.
Dear Liege, quoth ſhe; away, quoth he;
So layes her down on back;

And with his finger he doth not linger,
*But pulls me out his tack.
His Taſſel gentle he did put
Into her homely Mwe,
His Rounſifal in her Cob-nut,
In bladder were Beans blue.
He ſaid her head againſt a ſtoop,
She knew well his pretence:
He taught the beggar her lyripoop,
And paid her odd five pence.
He uſed art with both his thumbs,
Quoth ſhe, dread Lord, no more,
His Curral tickled her tooth-gums,
Yet open ſtood the door:
With finger wet in came a Lord,
Who heard a noyſe in houſe;
Sayes beggar now, dread Lord, no word,
But peace and catch a Mouſe.
The noble ſpy'd them very ſoon,
And fell low on his knee,
He ſaw King in his honey-moon,
And all to be ſhitten was he.
Quoth Baron bold, *Cawphetua* then,
Your Grace may have doun-pallet:

*Tack, by reaſon it would hold tack.

Now

Now he regards not Noble man,
  * But too't he goes ding-wallet.
Her Hockly-hole Kings should abhore,
  Being man was in that place;
He puts in Glasting-uri-core
  Before the young mans face.
Well, Noble man at last 'gan call,
  Quoth King to Lord, go down,
And bring me here a Camphire ball,
  I'le wash from head to crown.
And as you go give order streight,
  Unto the Cook for supper;
(Thine ear, 'tis matter of much weight),
  Bring brimstone and sweet butter.
Go get thee gone, and bring with speed
  Those things I have appointed;
Of robes bring store, truth is indeed,
  I'le have my King annoynted.

Quoth *Hero*, What became of *Tore?*
Sayes he, *Omnia vincit amor.*
He was o'recome, and glad to flye,
To place where muffled he doth lye.

* *Her Wallet was lai[illegible] under b[illegible]*

Leander

Leander now made end of tale,
Without shirt lineing, or shirt male:
Indeed his tale was well compact,
For every word he made an act.
Her legs were ty'd in true-loves knot,
On top of back, full well I wot:
Poor soul she lay like cheek of Oxe
Stu'd in a pot, or reeking Socks.
The Lark now sings with cheerful note,
And morn was come as gray as groat:
O day, quoth she, to love most cruel!
Hero had mess of water-gruel,
Which stood by bed before provided,
And hand of *Nero* streight it guided
To mouth of Puny to make strong,
The knot of loves white-leather-thong.
Then up he flings, and with a stare,
Quoth naked man, I must depart
First 'twixt her Pillars, truth to say,
Leander wrote, *Ne ultra*.
No sooner he from bed did jump,
Out flew the nose with such a thump,
That *Heroes* Father in next room,
Did leave his bed and in did come.

Leander

Leander heare the man of age,
Who call'd for ſword unto his page;
He ſe'ing him come, with much amazement,
He runs, and creeps out at the caſement.
His *Calla-when-pen-cough* indeed,
Was much indangered by his ſpeed,
For hook of window got it faſt,
And held him there, till all-agaſt,
Fair *Hero* roſe and went unto him,
And with her finger did undo him.
He down does fall without a word:
At window ſtruck old man with ſword.
Who ſe'ing on floor there lye a noſe,
Quoth he, I've paid him I ſuppoſe;
This was the time when Fryers gray,
Did ring to Mattins break of day;
When Poets good do wake to plot,
And drunkard leaves his cloak for ſhot;
When Carriers put on ſhooes and hoſe,
And Maids do empty ſtools call'd cloſe;
That was the time when *Leander* fell,
From forth of window, truth to tell.
He had forſook his divine Pillows,
To fall among the raging billows,

Blue-beard call'd *Neptune*, being mad
For the disgrace he lately had;
This is the truth I need not blab;
Turn'd young *Leander* to a Crab:
And made the Proverb, sure 'twas so,
That love must creep where 't cannot go:
And because his dwelling was *Abidos*,
He was doom'd ever to creep side-wayes.
Poor *Heroes* sorrow now redoubles,
* He left her in a peck of troubles:
A sensless man came to the Tow'r,
One sense he wants having but four.
Now smell my meaning if you can,
With him came *Roger*, *Thomas*, *John*,
And all the rest of *Mars* his crue,
Whose eyes were black, some gray, none blue.
This Sheepshead-rabble comes and knocks,
As they would break ope all the locks.
Fair *Heroes* father in a rigor,
Hearing that noyse, runs down like Tygor.
Quoth he, who's there? what, are ye drunk?
And still the more they stir'd, they stunk.
The Watch, sayes one, open the Gate,
The Watch, sayes he, having a shrewd pate.

* *The fourth part of a bushel.*

He

He ope's the door, and ſtandeth ſtill,
And ſpake theſe words, Whas is your will?
Our will, quoth he, what call you that?
And ſpi'd the Noſe pin'd in his hat,
Which when they all of them eſpi'd,
This, this is he, ſtrike down they cri'd.
Then round about they him inviron,
And up they lift their ruſty iron.
He brake away, and bade them baſe,
And after they did run apace:
And ran direct, as I ſuppoſe,
For ſtill the man did follow his Noſe:
He follow'd cloſe with dis defect,
And ſtill his Noſe was his proſpect.
Oh, had they catcht him, them among,
And all their bills at him they dung.
But note the pity of the Gods
Extended toward theſe Hodmandods,
And firſt for him that loſt his Noſe,
(The truth to you I will diſcloſe;)
Becauſe his face did ſeem to ſcowle,
The Gods transform'd him to an Owl:
And for this was i'th' dead of night,
They doom'd him never by day-light

To ſhew his being; ſo God *Pan*
Made the firſt Owl of a Watchman:
And when he thought to cry, My Noſe:
To whit, to hoo he ſhreekt, and up he roſe,
And being compelled by th' angry God,
He clapt his wings and flue to * *Tod.*

* *A famous Surgeon in his time.*

Yet the Gods fury was not done,
They were transform'd each mothers ſon.
Sayes one, Ye Gods, is it your will?
And ſpake no more, his mouth turn'd bill:
And cauſe the Owl he ſhould not mock,
The Gods made him the firſt Wood-cock:
He wears the form of a Watchman ſtill,
And will for aye, witneſs his bill.
One Watchman he did ſtay behind,
And he was turn'd to buzzard blind:
The laſt was thinking how to run,
Saying, a fair thred they have ſpun;
Becauſe he ſaid theſe words in ſpight,
He liv'd and di'd a bird of night:
His ill luck ſure I muſt not ſmother,
He did watch that night for another.
And for becauſe his ſhape was ill,
He never flies but in the twill——.

In

In memory of this mischance,
The Record you may see in *France*,
Upon each door where they must watch,
In chalk they set on door or hatch,
The very form of a birds foot:
In *England* they come neerer to't,
For the three claws you plainly see,
That is for every claw a peny.

But now to old man in a trance,
We must proceed to his mischance:
And to his grief, and much misprision,
We'll tell what hapned in his Vision.
There came to him, as 'twere in sight,
A lovely Lady, but no Knight.
The Lady seem'd for Lover lost,
To be on bed of Nettle tost;
Of Nettle; worse! for to the quick,
She often had indur'd the prick
Without complaining, and poor ape,
To her it seem'd but as a † Jape.
As Poet-witty well could say,
A sport, a merriment, a play.
But she poor Lady almost frantick,

† *An old word, but young men use it.*

As you may ſee in arras antick;
With hair diſhevel'd romes about,
Vowing to find *Leander* out,
And get him in where no baſe patch,
With painted ſtaff, no rugged watch;
No nor her father with head hoary,
Should come to interrupt the ſtory:
That is, ſhe meant for her delight,
Leander in her book ſhould write.
And blame her not to rave with ranting;
For ſhe had loſt her underſtanding,
Which ſtanding ſtiffly to her, might have put,
* Some comfort to have cur'd her cut.
But I too far digreſs, this fearful ſight,
The aged father from his wits did fright,
Or them from him, I know not whether;
But ſure I am they went not both together.

No cure to unkindneſs.

A mad old man he was, and lo he dy'd.
Fair *Hero*, like the wench that cry'd,
Till ſhe was turned to a ſtone,
For her *Leander* made her moan.
But when ſhe heard, poor ſilly drab,
That he was turn'd into a crab?

She then fell down as flat as Flownder.
Her Floodgates ope't, and her own water drown'd (her

THE EPITAPH.

They both were drown'd, whil'ſt Love and
Fate contended;
And thus they both pure fleſh, like pure
fiſh ended.

THE EPITAPH.

THE MOCK ROMANS.

Dwarfe,

FLY from this Forreſt Squire; fly truſty ſpark:
I feare like Child whom Maid hath left in (dark.

Squire,

O coward baſe, whoſe fear will never lin,
Till't ſhrink thy heart as ſmall as head of pin:
Lady, with pretty finger in her eye,
Laments her Lamkin Knight, and ſhall I fly?
Is this a time for blade to ſhift for's ſelf,
When Giant vile calls Knight a ſneaking Elf?
This day (a day as fair as heart could wiſh)
This Gyant ſtood on ſhore of Sea to fiſh:
For angling Rod, he took a ſturdy Oake,
For line a Cable, that in ſtorm ne're broke;

His hook was such as heads the end of Pole,
To pluck down house, e're fire consumes it whole:
His hook was baited with a Dragons tail,
And then on Rock he stood, to bob for Whale:
Which strait he caught, and nimbly home did pack
With ten cart load of dinner on his back.
So homeward bent, his eye too rude, and cunning,
Spies Knight and Lady, by a hedg a sunning.
That Modicum of meat he down did lay,
(For it was all he eat on Fasting day.)
They come in's rage, he spurns up huge tree roots,
Now stick to Lady Knight, and up with boots.

Enter Gyant, Knight, Damsel.

Gyant,

Bold recreant wight! what fate did hither call (thee,
To tempt his strength that ha's such power to maul (thee.
How durst thy puling Damsel hither wander?
What was the talk you by yond hedg did mander.

Damsel,

Patience sweet man of might: alas, heaven knows,
We only hither came to gather slows.

And

And bullies two or three, for truth to tell ye,
I've long'd six weeks, with them to fill my belly.
I'fecks, if you'l believ'it, nought else was meant
(sure
By this our jaunt, which Brants call adventure.

Gyant,

Shall I grow meek as babe, when ev'ry Trull is
So bold to steal my slows, and pick my bullies?

Knight,

Fear not, let him storm on, and still grow rough-
(er,
Thou that art bright as candle clear'd by snuffer,
Canst nere endure a blemish or eclips,
From such a hook-nos'd, foul mouth'd blober lips:
Ere he shall boast he us'd thee thus to his people,
I'le see him first hang'd high as any Steeple.

Gyant,

If I but upward heave my Oaken twig,
I'le teach thee play the Tomboy, her the Rig,
Within my forrest bounds; what doth she ail,
But she may serve as Cook to dress my Whale?
In this her Damsels tire, and robe of Sarsnet,
She shall sowse Bore, fry tripes, and wild hogs harsl-
(net.

Knight,

Knight.

Monſter vile, thou mighty ill-bred Lubber,
Art thou not mov'd to ſee her whine and blubber?
Shall Damſel fair (as thou muſt needs confeſs her)
With Canvas apron, Cook thy meat at Dreſſer?
Shall ſhe that is of ſoft and pliant mettle,
(Whoſe fingers ſilk would gaul) now ſcowre a Ket-
(tle?
Though not to ſcuffle given, now I'le thwart thee,
Let *Blowze* thy daughter ſerve for ſhillings forty.
'Tis meeter (I think) ſuch ugly Baggages
Should in a Kitchin drudg for yearly wages,
Then gentle ſhe, who hath been bred to ſtand
Neer Chair of Queen, with Iſland Shock in hand,
At Queſtions and Commands all night to play,
And amber Poſſits eat at break of day;
Or ſcore out husbands in the charcole aſhes,
With Country Knights (not roaring Country
(Swaſhes)
Hath been her breeding ſtill, and's more fit far,
To play on Virginals and the Gittar,
Then ſtir a Sea-coal fire, or ſcum a Cauldron,
When thou'rt to break thy faſt on a Bulls chaldron.

Gyant,

Gyant,

Then I perceive I muſt lift up my Pole,
And deal your Love-rich noddle ſuch a dole,
That every blow ſhall make ſo huge a clatter,
Men ten leagues off ſhall ask, Ha! what's the matter?

Damſel,

Kind grumbling youth! I know that thou art able
And want of breeding makes thee proud to ſquable;
Yet ſure thy nature doth compunction mean,
Though (las!) thy Mother was a ſturdy Queen:
Let not meek Lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,
But keep thy bluſtring breath to cool thy broth.

Knight,

Whine not my love, his fury ſtreight will waſte (him,
Stand off a while, and ſee how I'le lambaſt him.

Squire,

Now look to't Knight, this ſuch a deſp'rate blade (is,
In *Gaule* he ſwing'd the valiant Sir *Amadis*.

Dwarfe,

Dwarfe;
With bow now *Cupid* ſhoot this Son of Punk,
With Croſſe-bow elſe, or Pelle-out of Trunk!

Gyant,
I'le ſtrike thee till thou ſink where the abode is,
Of weights that ſneak below, call'd *Antipodes.*

Enter Merlyn,
My art ſhall turn this combate to delight,
They ſhall unto fantaſtick muſick fight.

SOME *Chriſtian people* all *give ear,*
Unto the grief of us,
Caus'd by the death of three children dear,
The which it hapned thus.

And eke there befel an accident,
By fault of a Carpenters Son,
Who to Saw *chips his ſharp Axe lent,*
Woe worth the time may Lon——

May

May London *say, Wo worth the Carpenter,*
And all such Block-head *fools,*
Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
For jesting with edg-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,
Which Put out *in such flames,*
That it was known into Southwark,
Which lives beyond the Thames.

For Loe *the Bridg was wondrous* high
With water underneath,
O're which as many fishes *fly,*
As birds *therein doth breath.*

And yet the fire consum'd the Bridg,
Not far from place of landing,
And though the building was full big,
It fell down *not with* standing.

And eke into the water fell,
So many Pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well,
Both boyld *and* roasted *Fishes.*

And

And thus the Bridg of London *Town,*
For building that was ſumptuous,
Was All *by fire* Half *burnt down,*
For being too contumptious.

And thus you have all, *but* half *my Song,*
Pray liſt to what comes after;
For now I have cool'd *you with the* Fire,
I'le warm *you with the* water.

I'le tell you what the Rivers name is,
Where theſe children did ſlide-a,
It was fair Londons *ſwifteſt* Thames;
That keeps both time and Tide-a.

All on the tenth of January,
To the wonder of much people:
'Twas frozen o're, that well *'twould bear,*
Almoſt a Country Steeple.

Three Children ſliding thereabouts,
Upon a place too thin,
That ſo at laſt it did fall out,
That they did all fall in.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
And with the King great wager makes:
But when he ſaw he could not win,
He ſeight, and would have drawn ſtakes.

He ſaid it would bear a man for to ſlide,
And laid a hundred pound;
The King ſaid it would break, and ſo it did,
For three children there were drownd.

Of which ones head was from his Should——
Ers *ſtricken, whoſe name was* John,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
O Lon-a Lon-a London.

Oh! tut-tut- turn from thy ſinful race,
Thus did his ſpeech decay:
I wonder that in ſuch a caſe,
He had no more to ſay.

And thus being drownd, a lack, a lack,
The water run down their throats,
And ſtopt their breaths three houres by the Clock,
Before they could get any Boats.

Yet

Ye Parents all that children have
And ye that have none yet;
Preserve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I would never have been seen,
If that they had been drown'd.

Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,
For fear they should go fro him,
So tye your children with severities clogs,
Unty 'um, *and you'l* undo 'um.

God bless our Noble Parliament,
And rid them from all fears,
God bless all th' Commons *of this Land,*
And God bless some *o'th* Peers.

THE

THE PIGG.

[1]

I Sing not Reader of the fight
'Tixt Bailiffs and that doughty Knight
Sir *Ambroſe*, ſung before:
Nor of that diſmall Counter ſcuffle,
Nor yet of that Pantofle,
They ſay the Virgin wore.

[2]

No Turkey-cock with Pigmyes fray,
Or whether then did get the day,
Nor yet *Tom Coriots* ſhooes;
Nor yet the ſwine-fac'd Maydens head,
Ith' *Netherlands* they ſay was bred,
Is ſubject of my Muſe.

[3]

But in Rhime Doggrill I ſhall tell,
What danger to a Pig befell,

As I can well rehearſe;
As true as if the Pig could ſpeak
On Spit, in Proſe would either ſqueak,
Or grunt it out in verſe.

[4]

A boyſterous rout of armed Hoſt
Juſt as the Pig was ready roſt,
Ruſht in at doors, (God bleſs us!)
The Leader of this Warlike rout,
Strong men at armes, and ſtomack ſtout,
I ween was Captain *Beſſus*.

[5]

They lately had in *Scotland* been,
Where they ſuch ſtore of Sows had ſeen,
That garr'd them hate their Babbies:
And *Beſſus* men neer *Norton* lay,
Where Pigs you know on Organs play,
That once belong'd to abbeys.

[6]

It was a Tithe Pig I confeſs,
And ſo the crime might be no leſs,
Then if't a Caſſock wore;

But

But yet in Orders it was nere,
Nor ever preacht, unleſs it were,
Ith' tub the night before.

[7]

Nor was it Popiſhly inclin'd,
Although by forreſt law their kind,
Are taught to uſe the Ring:
What though it wore a Scarlet-Coat,
It nere appear'd ith' Kirk to vote,
For her Fine Baby King.

[8]

But right or wrong, ſuch dainty Cates
Were nere ordain'd for Reprobates,
The fat o'th earth is theirs;
The Saints by Faith and Plunder have
An heritance, and muſt inſlave,
Malignants, and their Heirs.

[9]

Fall on, fall on; they cry aloud,
This Pig's of antichriſtian brood,
You'l find we are no Daſtards;
Their teeth ſo ſharp, their ſtomacks keen
That *Marriots* you would them ween,
Or *Wood* of *Kents* own Baſtards.

[10]

But now to tell how from the pawes
Of th'unlickt Whelps with greedy jawes
This pigg eſcap'd, hereafter;
As then our bellies gan to prank it,
(Thanks to *Beſſe* for that good banquet)
Will fill your mouth with laughter.

[11]

A ſturdy Laſſe with courage bold,
On Pigg, and ſpit, and all, laid hold,
And ſwore ſhe would it reſcue;
For whether they their teeth did ſet,
For anger, or for hunger whet,
She way'd not that a feſcue.

[12]

This brave incounter had you ſeen,
You would have ſworn ſhe ſhould be Queen
Of th'Amazons, or Fayries;
And if ſhe make good the retreat,
Her ſole protectreſſe weel create
Of Milk-maids and their Daryes.

[13]

Up ſtaires ſhe marcheth in a trice,
And ſafely convay'd is the Greice

Into

Into my Ladies chamber;
Such holy grounds not trod by thoſe,
Whoſe armpits, and whoſe ſockleſſe toes,
Are not ſo ſweet as amber.

[14]

The Jews nere eat their paſchall Lamb
In half ſuch haſt, as we did cram
This pig unto our dinners:
Like Presbyterians we did feed,
No grace that day our meat did need,
For that belongs to ſinners.

[15]

And when the ſtory of the Pigg
VVas done; the pettitoes a Jigg
Came tripping in at Supper;
'Twas meat and drink to us to ſee
The ſouldiers by the Jade to be
Thus thruſt beſides the crupper.

ON DOCTOR GILL, Master of PAULS SCHOOL.

IN Pauls *Church-yard in* London,
There dwells a noble Ferker.
Take heed you that paſs,
Leſt you taſte of this Laſh;
For I have found him a Ferker:
Still doth he cry,
Take him up,
Take him up, Sir,
Untruſs with expedition.
O the Burchen tool,
Which he winds ith' School,
Erights worſe then an Inquiſition.

If that you chance to paſs there,
As doth the man of Blacking,
He inſults like a Puttock,
O're the prey of the Buttock;

With

With a whipt Ass sends him packing.
Still doth, &c.

For when this well truss'd Trouncer,
Into the School doth enter,
With his Napkin at his Nose,
And his Orange stuft with Cloves:
On any Ass he'l venter.
Still doth, &c.

A French man void of English,
Enquiring for Pauls Steeple.
His pardon a Moy,
He counted a toy,
For he whipt him before all people.
Still doth, &c.

A Welch man once was whipt there,
until he did beshit him,
His Cuds-Pluttera-Nail,
Could not prevail,
For he whipt the Cambro-brittain.
Still doth, &c.

A Captain of the Train'd-Band,
Sirnam'd Cornelius Wallis:
He whipt him so sore,
Both behind and before:
He notcht his Ass like Tallis.
Still doth, &c.

For a piece of Beef and Turnip,
Neglected with a Cabbage:
He took up the Male Pillion,
Of his bouncing Maid Gillian,
And sowc't her like a Baggage.
Still doth, &c.

A Porter came in rudely,
And disturb'd the humming Concord:
He took up his Frock,
And paid his Nock,
And sawc'd him with his own Cord.
Still doth he cry, &c.

GILL

GILL upon GILL,

OR,

Gills Aſs uncas'd, unſtript, unbound.

SIR, did you me this Epiſtle ſend,
Which is ſo vile and lewdly pen'd;
In which no line I can eſpy
Of ſenſe, or true Orthography.
So ſlovenly it goes,
In Verſe and Proſe,
For which I muſt pull down your Hoſe:
O good Sir, then cry'd he,
In private let it be,
And do not ſawce me openly.

Yes Sir, I'le ſawce you openly,
Before Sound *and the Company;*
And that none at thee may take heart,
Though thou art Batchelour of Art:
Though thou haſt paid thy Fees
For thy Degrees:

Yet I will make thy Ass to sneer,
And now I do begin
To thresh it on thy skin,
For now my hand is In, is In.

First for the Theams which thou me sent,
Wherein much non-sense thou didst vent;
And for that barbarous piece of Greek,
For which in Gartheus thou didst seek,
And for thy faults not few,
In tongue Hebrew:
For which a Groove of Birch is due;
Therefore me not beseech
To pardon now thy breech,
For I'le be thy Ass Leach, Ass Leach.

Next for the offence that thou didst give,
When as in Trinity thou didst live,
And hadst thy Ass in Wenham Coll. mult.
For bidding sing, * Quicunque vult;
And for thy † Blanketting,
And many such a thing,
For which thy name in Town doth ring,
And none deserves so ill,

* When he was Clark in Wadham, and being by his place to begin a Psalm he flung out of Church, bidding the people sing to the praise and glory of God, Quicunque vult.

† He was toss'd in a Blanket.

To

MVSEVM BRITAN